

O S E



H I V E.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1804.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE second volume of the HIVE, that is now commencing, we shall endeavor, to the utmost of our power, to render interesting and useful to all classes of our readers.

When we take a retrospective view of the generous encouragement given to our infant undertaking, the liveliest sentiments of gratitude are enkindled in our breast. Deeply sensible of our obligations, it is with peculiar satisfaction that we would tender to our patrons the most unfeigned thanks for favors already conferred; and firmly determined not to relax in our exertions to serve them, we would again solicit a continuation of patronage. Liable to those prejudices and passions common to all men, over which few are able to rise superior, we may have deviated from the path of rectitude and duty; we trust the aberrations have been but momentary, and the excursions short.

We have always endeavored to adhere, with the most rigid pertinancy, to our original PROSPECTUS.—If we have, at any time, depressed the eye of modesty, or wounded the honest feelings of a virtuous man, we sincerely sue for pardon, and declare it to have ever been farthest from our intention.

If we have been able to communicate anything calculated to inform the understanding, or ameliorate the heart, it will afford us pleasing consolation to think that we have not labored wholly in vain.

The increase of our subscription list, since the commencement of the publication, has exceeded our expectations, and, although it is not at present a lucrative establishment, yet, should our subscriptions continue to increase, we have reason to hope we shall receive a suitable reward for our labor and expence.

Any friendly hints for the further improvement of our paper, will be received with gratitude and will meet with becoming attention. Decent and well written essays, on interesting subjects; literary, and other useful communications; historical and biographical sketches; articles on agriculture; accounts of mechanical inventions and improvements; and, indeed, on any subject

whatever, that may tend to enlarge the sphere of useful knowledge and to multiply human comforts, will be thankfully acknowledged and promptly inserted.

Any person obtaining FIVE subscribers, and forwarding a ten dollar note, or becoming accountable therefor, shall receive one copy for his trouble. Those who wish to assist the Editor, in this way, will be furnished with a subscription-paper, on application.

We again repeat, that all letters, directed to the Editor, must have the postage paid—otherwise they will not be taken up. Communications, as usual, left at the post-office in this town, come free of expence.

ESSAYS.

[We humbly hope we shall not subject ourselves to the imputation of vanity, by giving publicity to the following letter (which we have just received) on the utility of Miscellaneous Publications, in which literary, diverting and moral subjects, are occasionally discussed. If the writer has been too partial to our honest and persevering endeavors to merit the good opinion of our kind customers; we can only pledge ourselves, that our redoubled diligence shall be employed to prevent, as far as possible, the public expectation from being disappointed.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is a consoling circumstance, amidst "the evil days and evil tongues on which we have fallen," to find a paper published once a week, in which one is sure not to be disturbed by the acrimony of private scandal or the rancour of party malevolence. I am much pleased with the plan of your paper, as calculated to furnish, in proportion to its size, no inconsiderable share of instruction and amusement. To arrange the articles under distinct titles as you have done, is judicious; and will serve to please readers of different ages and various modes of thinking. To continue your selections, with industry and discernment, without admitting any thing of an indelicate or immoral tendency, will be the means of procuring an

extensive patronage to, and ample remuneration of, your useful labors.

I hope we shall always maintain in the NEW WORLD the noble cause of rational liberty and pure religion, for which our venerable ancestors extricated themselves from the OLD. Periodical publications, without involving political discussions may tend much to the accomplishment of such important objects. We ought to learn to place a just value on our own situation as a people, when compared to that of other nations—and I am persuaded there are multitudes who do not wish to exchange the plain habits and manners of America, for the more ostentatious fashions which prevail in other countries. Such characters will never abandon the principles, on which the unprecedented prosperity of the United States has been established. Many persons may be soothed and consoled by perusing short and cheap miscellaneous compilations, recommended by novelty, whose circumstances would deter them from undertaking to read more prolix and expensive works. Others who have more leisure and information, will doubtless be willing to assist you, in rendering so acceptable, and, I may say, so essential a service to the community.—With VARIETY for your colours, TASTE for your watch-word; and VIRTUE for the point of re-union, you may rest assured, that a host of patrons of both sexes, will rally round the standard of your paper; and, among the rest, when you can find no better assistance, you may sometimes expect that of A VOLUNTEER.

PRAISE OF MARRIAGE.

AS man is a sociable creature, not made for solitude but conversation, marriage is a noble institution, and a little useful society from whence many advantages arise. The sorrows of life are lessened by this division, and the comforts of it increased by communication. Marriage is, or should be, the most perfect state of friendship. Mutual interest produces mutual assistance. It is owing to this institution, that families have been raised and formed. All parentage and proximity proceed from hence; and in a happy marriage, where both parties behave well in their respective stations, the honey-

moon increases to years of bliss. Long possession rivets the affection; and nothing but parting, can be a material affliction. No age nor infirmity can unhinge a matrimonial esteem. The many good qualities, services, and obliging usage of each other, are so lodged in the memory, as to make life a continual scene of courtship, and the husband to carry always the lover about him.

On the contrary, when I see quarrels and disagreements in this state, I am concerned for the desolation which the divided house will certainly come into. How moving is the sight of an innocent offspring, in such a family of discord, with a tenderness of nature pleading for both, not knowing which side to take, and tied up by duty and filial affection from acting against either! What instruction can children receive in such confusion? And how pernicious to posterity such evil example? It is a matter of the greatest surprise, that a man who aims at character and reputation, that in the affairs of life will keep his word to preserve his credit, should forfeit all honor and integrity at home, and have no regard to the solemn engagements made to a wife.

It was a well judged action of a prince I have read of, who took an officer's commission from him, questioning his courage, upon an information that he beat his wife. The paw of the lion or bear, which deals slaughter to every one else, is a nursing arm to the female. But such rough discipline is chiefly confined to the vulgar and underbred part of mankind. The beau monde content themselves with silent hatred and indifference.

Strangeness and ceremony, separate beds and apartments, kept mistresses, &c. are the genteel exercises of their adversion. In short, no man can be a fine gentleman, who is not a man of honor; and no man can be a man of honor, that makes a bad husband.

A WELL-WISHER.

MORAL AND USEFUL.

THE PILLOW.

WHAT a delicious balm is diffused over the whole frame when the candle is extinguished, and the head on the pillow! If, on a strict scrutiny of the soul, we cannot discover any thing which could offend our fellow creature, then sleep is almost a celestial reverie:

It is never so delicious, or so tranquil, as after a day on which we have performed some good act, or when we are conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

The instant the head is laid on the pillow, is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded with thorns; the softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, a man

must be on good terms with his pillow; for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard.

We must be happy or miserable at night by recollection. Memory recalls our faults and negligencies, and this should put us in a method to avoid them; for they will not loose sight of us, they will banish sleep from our eyes, they will intrude in our dreams, they will fatigue us, in order to teach us there is neither repose nor happiness but in the harmony of an upright conduct, and in the exercise of charity.

Happy is he who can say, whom he lies down—No man can reproach me with his affliction, his misfortunes, or his captivity; I have not injured the reputation of any one; I have paid due respect to the property of others, the certain pledge of the repose of families; and the laborer's hire has never remained in my hands at sun-setting, according to the expression of Scripture. Those testimonies of conscience, those internal enjoyments of soul, give a delicious repose, and a still more delicious awaking.

THE FARMER'S PROSPECTS.

AGRICULTURE is the great art of all arts—it is that which supports, invigorates, and renders useful all other arts; and on this ground, the farmer, with peculiar emphasis, may be stiled, LORD OF THE LOWER CREATION. The fields and meadows, with all their rich and beautiful productions, are his; and he is the sole possessor of the groves and forests. The cattle upon a thousand hills are his, and the birds of heaven feed at the table spread by him.

But what renders the farmer peculiarly respectable and important, is, that every other class of men, from the throne to the cottage, depend, for the staff of life, upon the grand, ennobling, and heaven-born art of cultivating the earth. What a field of delight, for ornament, and for usefulness, has the farmer!

Delightful task! to rear the tender plant,
And see the springing blade begin to shoot.

Speaking of the moral, as well as political advantages enjoyed by the industrious, happy husbandman, how beautiful is the language of the elegant St. Pierre!—"The culture of grain discloses to him many agreeable concerts with his fleeting existence. The direction of its shadow informs him of the hour of the day: from its progressive growth he learns the rapid flight of the seasons. He reckons on the flux of his own fugitive years, by the successions of guiltless harvests he has reaped. He is haunted with no apprehensions, like the inhabitants of great cities, of conjugal infidelity, or of a too numerous posterity. His labours are always surpassed by the benefits of nature.—When the sun gets to the sign of Virgo, he summons his kindred, he invites his neighbors, and marches at their head, by the

dawning of the day, with his sickle in his hand, to the ripened field. His heart exults with joy as he binds up the swelling sheaves, while his children dance around them, crowned with garlands of blue-bottles and wild poppies. The harmless play recalls to his memory the amusements of his own early days, and of his virtuous ancestors, whom he hopes at length, to rejoin in a better world. The sight of his copious harvest demonstrates to him that there is a God; and every return of that joyous season, brings to his recollection the delicious eras of his past existence, inspires him with gratitude to the Great Being, who has united the transient society of man by an eternal chain of blessings.

"Ye flowery meadows! ye majestic, murmuring forests! ye mossy fountains! ye desert rocks, frequented by the dove alone! ye enchanting solitudes, which charm by your ineffable concerts! happy is the man who shall be permitted to unveil your hidden beauties; but still happier is he who shall have it in his power calmly to enjoy them in the inheritance of his forefathers!"

German Receipt for a Consumption.

TAKE fresh nettles every day, (those of the finest green are the best) press out the juice, and give the patient a table spoonful before rising in the morning, repeating the dose at noon and bed time, with a tea-cup of red Burgandy or port, after the juice. The diet of the patient to consist of soup or broth containing the expressed nettles, and good roast beef or mutton; he must not be allowed to eat any thing sour, or highly seasoned. The remedy has long been used by a medical man of the first eminence in Germany.

AMUSING.

SHEEP-STEALING.

The following is related as a fact, as having actually taken place some years since in the state of Connecticut.

A man in rather indigent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to his neighbor's (a wealthy farmer) sheepfold for relief. The neighbor having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive he had lost any, until one of the finest in the flock, very large and fat, was missing—and, counting his sheep, found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight, he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well to observe the conduct of the person as to find him out, induced him to lie still. In the flock there was a large ram, with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing, as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep. 'Well, Mr. Ram,' says the note

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turnal sheep-stealer, 'I am come to buy another sheep; have you any to sell?' Upon which, he replied himself, as in the person of the Ram, 'Yes, I have sheep to sell.' By this time, the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his own neighbors. 'What will you take for that fat Wether?' says the purchaser. 'Four dollars,' replies Mr. Ram. 'That is a high price,' says the man; 'but as you are so good as to wait on me for the pay I think I will take him.' 'Well, Mr. Ram,' continues the honest sheep-buyer, 'let us see how many sheep I have bought of you.' 'If I am not mistaken,' says Mr. Ram, 'this makes the fifth;' and then went on to cast up the amount of the whole; and after giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him a good night, took the Wether and led him home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole. A few nights afterwards, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram, tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote, in large letters 'I HAVE COME AFTER MY PAY.' Under this line, he footed up the amount of the five sheep exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near his door, and then went home.—When the neighbor arose in the morning, he was not a little surprised, to find a sheep tied to his own door; but 'tis beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the Old Ram with whom he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of the five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say, he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately run home, ginging his money as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

EXTRACTS

From the Ancient Records of Massachusetts.

JOSIAS PLAISTOWE, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias, and not Mr. as formerly he used to be.

Captain Stone for abusing Mr. Ludlow, and calling him justass, is fined an hundred pounds, and prohibited coming within the patent without the governor's leave upon pain of death.

Serjeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk.

Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and four pence, for the wood work of Boston stocks, is fined four pounds, and ordered to be set one hour in the stocks.

Captain Lovel, admonished to take heed of light carriage.

Thomas Petit, for suspicion of slander, idleness, stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold.

Catharine, the wife of Richard Cornish, was found suspicious of incontinency, and seriously admonished to take heed.

Daniel Clarke, found to be an immoderate drinker, was fined forty shillings.

John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks.

John Kitchen, for shewing books which he was commanded to bring to the governor and forbid to shew them to any other, and yet shewed them, was fined ten shillings.

Robert Shorthose, for swearing by the blood of God, was sentenced to have his tongue put into a cleft stick, and to stand so for the space of half an hour.

LYING.

WHEN one told Gallia he had bought a lamprey in Sicily that was five feet in length, he answered him, that was not surprising, for they were there so long, that the fishermen used them for ropes. This love of the marvellous engenders such monsters, as we might expect from that lusus naturæ whose heart and tongue have no ligament.

Lying, some one says, is a wild fire in the tongue, and seems the breath of hell. It is the ignis fatuus when it deceives, and lava when it wounds.

A liar almost defies rhetoric to describe him. He is a proteues in conversation, always in a mask, yet always changing it—a bankrupt in humanity, as pervertig speech, and destroying fellowship—a coiner, stamping the image of truth on base metal—a dial, whose false lines serve but to mislead—in politics, an almanac full of prognostics—in business a chancery bill full of perjuries.

There are a set of men in society, who blab every idle vagary of a careless fancy—in bright moments they invent, and worry away a dull hour in exaggeration—the babblers of such frothy vanity burst as they escape from their lips—these flourishes of invention are equally opposed to firmness of mind or strength of character.—He who wishes respect should abandon this legerdemain of the tongue, which is noticed with more contempt than admiration. The habit of hyperbole begets in others the habit of distrust, and by a strange paradox shews a babbler of fictions, dumb.

SAGACITY OF THE INDIAN RAT.

THIS sagacious animal knowing the enmity the dragon bears him, and knowing al-

so the insufficiency of his own strenght to resist him, not only defends himself, but conquers his enemy by the following stratagem. He makes two entrances to his cave, the one small, and proportioned to the bulk of his own body, the other wider at the surface, but which he draws narrower by degrees, until towards the end, it is but just wide enough to admit of his passing through. The use of this place, is as follows: when the little animal finds himself pursued by that voracious beast, he flies to his cave, which he enters at the wide mouth, not doubting but that the dragon will follow him, who eager for his prey, the large aperture being sufficiently wide to admit his whole body, plunges in, but as it insensibly becomes narrower and narrower, the dragon who presses violently on, finds himself in the end so straitened as not to be able to advance nor retreat. The rat as soon as he perceives this, sallies out of the narrow passage, and in the rear of the dragon, entering the wide one, revenges himself upon him, much at his leisure, converting him into a regale for his appetite and food for his resentment.

VARIETY.

ARGEUS, hearing several men praise a certain woman of the city, said to them, 'The greatest eulogy that can be made of women is, not to speak of them at all: a virtuous woman ought to be known only by her husband.'

Modesty is to merit, what shades are to figures in a fine picture. It gives it force and relief.

Had nature wish'd to speak her mind,
And give some lesson to mankind,
She'd na hae look'd to bards refin'd
For pointed turns;
But pleas'd wad hae her pen resign'd
To Robert Burns.

A man is more faithful to the secrets of others, than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, can keep her own secrets more faithfully than those of others.

If guardian powers preside above,
Who still extends to virtuous love
A tutelary care;
The virgin's bosom earliest dole,
The first born passion of the soul,
Must find protection there.

Never can noon's maturer ray
That charm of orient light display
Which morning suns impart;
So can no later passion prove
That glow, which gilds the dawn of love,
The day spring of the heart.

DIED, on the 15th instant, in the city of Philadelphia, in the 79th year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH BARGE, consort of Jacob Barge, Esq.

POETRY.

RICHARD AND KATE.

[WE are persuaded to offer a rich treat to our readers in laying before them the following piece, called RICHARD AND KATE, from Bloomfield's poems. It will be perused by every one with the highest interest and delight. The lover of simple manners and rural scenes, will be charmed to see them painted in glowing colours by a poet who *knew* and *felt* their pleasing influence—The heart of sensibility will be filled with the warmest feelings at the picture of the aged pair looking back with the eye of pleasure on the joys, and even on the cares of their first days, surrounded by their offspring, recalling by their sport and merriment, the remembrance of youthful times—The aged parent passing through the vale of declining years with the partner of his felicities, will best appreciate the descriptions of the poet—will feel, in full force, the ideas presented to his imagination, and comparing the sensations of the aged couple with his own, will scarcely peruse the piece without finding

*"The witness which all hearts believe,
"Fall bounding on his ample sleeve."*

Even the rigid critic, remembering the lowly station of the author, 'a youth to fortune and to fame unknown,' will here find ample gratification, of even his refined taste.]

"COME, Goody, stop your hum-drum wheel,
Sweep up your orts and get your hat,
Old joys reviv'd once more I feel,
'Tis FAIR DAY;—and more than that.

Have you forgot, Kate, prithee say,
How many seasons here we've tarried?
'Tis forty years this very day,
Since you and I, old girl, were married!
Look out—the sun shines warm and bright,
The stiles are low, the paths all dry;
I know you cut your corns last night;
Come, be as free from care as I.

For I'm resolv'd once more to see
That place where we so often met;
Though few have had more cares than we,
We've none just now to make us fret."

Kate scorn'd to damp the generous flame
That warm'd her aged partner's breast;
Yet ere determination came,
She thus some trifling doubts express'd:

"Night will come on; when seated snug,
And you've perhaps begun some tale;
Can you then leave your dear stone mug—
Leave all the folks, and all the ale?"

"Ay Kate, I wool!—because I know,
Though time has been we both could run;
Such days are gone and over now—
I only mean to see the sun."

She straight slip'd off the wall and band,*
And laid aside her licks and twitches;†
And to the hutch she reach'd her hand,
And gave him out his Sunday breeches.

His mattock he behind the door
And hedging gloves again replac'd;
And look'd across the yellow moor,
And urg'd his tott'ring spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,
The firmament without a cloud;
The bee humm'd o'er the level green,
Where knots of trembling cowslips bow'd:

* Terms used in spinning. † A chest.

And Richard thus, with heart elate,
As past things rush'd across his mind,
Over his shoulder talk'd to Kate,
Who, snug tuck'd up, walk'd slow behind.

"When once a giggling mawther you,
And I a red fac'd chubby boy,
Sly tricks you play'd me not a few,
For mischief was your greatest joy.

Once passing by this very tree,
A gotch‡ of milk I'd been to fill,
You shoulder'd me; then laugh'd to see
Me and my gotch spin down the hill."

"'Tis true," she said; "but here behold,
And marvel at the course of time;
Though you and I are both grown old,
This tree is only in its prime!"

"Well, Goody, don't stand preaching now;
Folks don't preach sermons at a fair:
We've rear'd ten boys and girls, you know,
And I'll be bound they'll all be there."

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,
From many a fine fair-going face;
And many a pinch Kate gave away,
While Richard kept his usual place.

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,
Grand children, bawling, hemm'd them round;
And dragg'd them by the skirts along,
Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground.

And soon the aged couple spi'd
Their lusty sons, and daughters dear:
When Richard thus exulting cry'd—
"Didn't I tell you they'd be here?"

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face;
Affection, void of all controul,
Govern'd with a resistless grace.

'Twas good to see the honest strife,
Which should contribute most to please;
And hear the long-recounted life
Of infant tricks and happy days.

But now, as at some nobler places,
Among the leaders 'twas decreed
Time to begin the Dicky races,
More fam'd for laughter than for speed:

Richard look'd on with wond'rous glee,
And prais'd the lad who chanc'd to win;
"Kate, wasn't I such an one as he;
As like him, ay, as pin to pin?"

Full fifty years are pass'd away,
Since I rode this same ground about;
Lord! I was lively as the day!
I won the high-lows out and out!

I'm surely growing young again;
I feel myself so kedge and plump;
From head to foot I've not a pain;
Nay, hang me if I couldn't jump."

Thus spoke the ale in Richard's pate,
A very little made him mellow;
But still he lov'd his faithful Kate,
Who whisper'd thus—"My good old fellow,

Remember what you promis'd me;
And see, the sun is getting low;
The children want an hour, you see,
To talk a bit before we go."

Like youthful lover most complying,
He turn'd and chuck'd her by the chin;
Then all across the green grass hieing,
Right merry faces, all akin—

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree
That droop'd its branches from above,
‡ A pitcher.

Awak'd the pure felicity
That waits upon parental love.

Kate view'd her blooming daughters round,
And sons who shook her wither'd hand;
Her features spoke what joy she found;
But utterance had made a stand.

The children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their fairings down the hill;
Richard, with pride, beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life be still.

A father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said;
"My boys, how proud I am to have
My name thus round the country spread!

Through all my days I've labor'd hard,
And could of pains and crosses tell;
But this is labor's great reward,
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

My good old partner, when at home,
Sometimes with wishes mingles tears;
Goody, says I, let what wool come,
We've nothing for them but our prayers.

May you be all as old as I,
And see your sons to manhood grow;
And many a time before you die,
Be just as pleas'd as I am now."

Then (raising still his mug and voice)
"An old man's weakness don't despise!
I love you well, my girls and boys—
God bless you all!"—so said his eyes:

For, as he spoke, a big round drop
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve;
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, Felial Piety! were there;
And round the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,
And in the parting word—Good Night.

With thankful hearts and strengthen'd love,
The poor old pair, supremely blest,
Saw the sun sink behind the grove,
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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